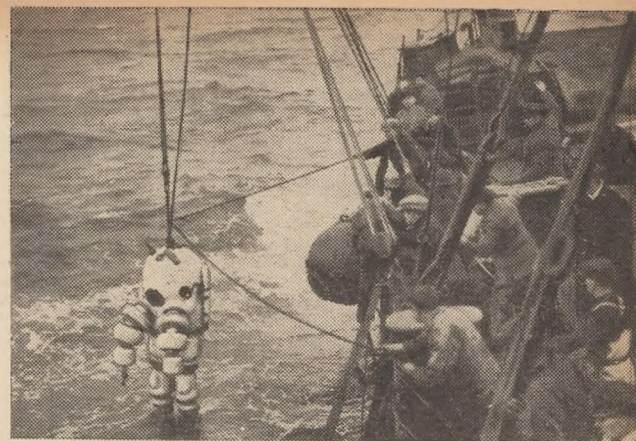


Good Morning 305

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Sea-floor fortunes ready now



LYING at the bottom of the sea are hundreds of ships which could be salvaged as soon as the end of hostilities makes possible uninterrupted work.

Salvage these ships, and, in many cases, their cargoes, will probably provide work for thousands for years, and already a Select Committee has advised that at the end of the war the Admiralty should continue to hold its equipment, on which £3,000,000 has been spent.

Already during the war £70,000,000 worth of ships and cargoes have been salvaged by the Admiralty. After the Great War the Admiralty listed more than 400 wrecks round the British coasts lying in twenty fathoms or less.

We may expect the number of wrecks suitable for salvage after the present war to exceed this number, for great improvements in technique since 1920 make it possible and economical for salvage to be carried out at greater depths.

The most remarkable feat after the 1914-1918 war was undoubtedly the salvage of the scuttled German battleships in Scapa Flow. The salvage of many of the warships by Mr. E. H. Cox, who had never salvaged a ship in his life before and had to overcome all sorts of difficulties, is one of the romances of the sea. He was told it "couldn't be done," but, starting with 25 torpedo-boats, he worked up to the battleships. Many of the steel plates in the "Queen Mary" were forged from re-smelted steel cut from the German battleships.

One of the outstanding feats of salvage during the present war was raising the naval training ship "Caledonia," formerly the Cunard-White Star liner "Majestic," which sank in deep water in the Firth of Forth after a fire. Eighteen hundred ports had to be sealed

ring Cary Grant and John Garfield.

On leave, to act as special adviser, is Lieut.-Commander Dudley Walker Morton, U.S. submarine commander who recently received the D.S.C., the Navy Cross with two stars, and a Presidential citation for destroying a Japanese convoy.

Guess some one must have told some one about "We Dive At Dawn" and "Crash Dive."

by divers before the ship could be floated and towed to port to be cut up and provide 40,000 tons of almost priceless steel for the war effort.

Most of the work of the Admiralty Salvage Department and the Salvage Section of Steel Control is necessarily secret during the war. But to illustrate the improved methods and show what ingenuity can do, the following case can be quoted. A ship loaded with 5,000 tons of iron ore was sunk in deep water. Divers were able to reach it, and laid charges to blow off the hatches. A powerful electro-magnet was lowered, and picked up the ore tons at a time, until nearly all had been collected.

In the past it has generally been gold that salvage has been directed at recovering. The new conditions mean that after the present war there will probably be few prizes of the quality of the "Laurentic," which sank in 1917 off the Irish coast with £5,000,000 in bullion aboard.

But £2½ millions of the £2,379,000 worth of bullion aboard the "Niagara," sunk by a mine dropped by a raider off the coast of New Zealand in 1940, was recovered by brilliant work with improvised material. The salvors had to work with an old ship, all they could get with the shortage of bottoms, and at a considerable depth in great difficulties. Using a novel diving bell, they completed their task just before Japan entered the war.

Some details were given recently of a remarkable piece of salvage on a vessel which was loaded with 3,000 tons of coal and 4,000 tons of iron. It was in such deep water that a new method of lifting was used. Before it could be applied, however, the coal had to be taken out.

A diver went down to 90 feet and in the course of 18 months moved the whole 3,000 tons with his bare hands, loading it into grabs. Of course, this could not have been done if the coal had not been "lighter" at that depth, enabling the diver to move pieces that would have weighed hundredweights at the surface.

In the years between the wars the Italians got many of

the plums of salvage, but the removal of the gold from the "Niagara" at the record depth of 400 feet, and various pieces of work round Britain, of which details cannot yet be given, show that the British, given the apparatus, have a talent for improvisation and the ingenuity and love of adventure which are necessary for salvage.

The most difficult tasks will be the salvage or destruction of ships which had been loaded with explosives. Even after years they may remain dangerous, as the Italians learned to their cost when tackling the "Florence H," sunk off the coast of France with several thousand tons of T.N.T. aboard during the 1914-18 war.

It was thirteen years before the ship was touched, and divers, who cut her right down to the sea bottom, came to the conclusion the T.N.T. had become safe. But the attempt to blow the ship apart with a small charge was disastrous. The T.N.T. went up, and the salvage vessel "Artiglio" simply disappeared.

But, risks or no risks, this can be taken for granted: British salvage firms will have their biggest jobs—and their biggest boom in history—when this war ends.

ALEX. DILKE.



CEILING-SITTER?

WHAT'S this young dame doing up there? Sitting on the ceiling?

No, sir. We are now letting you in on a TRADE SECRET!

See what's on those young legs?

Silk stockings! And when the boys who advertise that sort of ungettable commodity want a picture they take a photo of a prone damsel with her legs raised.

Why? Because then the muscles of the legs are not tensed, and so they get the soft curves that sell stockings.

Turn this page upside-down to see how the photo was originally taken. Oh, s'easy!

Dick Gordon Presents STAGE SCREEN and STUDIO

FROM Hollywood some time back I cabled home:—

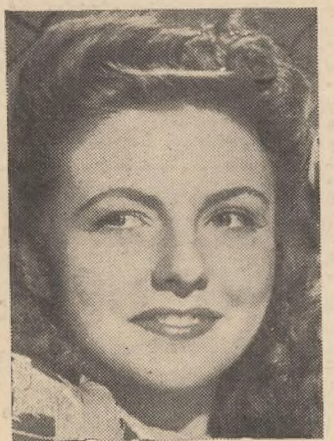
Joan Leslie is five feet four inches of curvaceous, red-headed charm, and is well on her way to Hollywood's highest pinnacle. It looks as though she'll get there long before she's old enough to vote!

This is what gave me that idea:—

Joan Leslie was born in Detroit, Michigan, in 1925, her real name being Joan Brodel. She was educated at parochial schools in Detroit and Toronto, Canada. She is still going to school, only now she has her lessons from private instructors, who come to the Warner Bros.' studio to teach her.

She has been on and off the stage ever since she was two years old, and had played several small roles on the screen before she was signed by Warner Bros. Her ambition—past, present and future—was, and is, to become a great actress.

She has a normal, healthy girl's interest in outdoor sports,



JOAN LESLIE

clothes, ice-cream sodas and movie stars—yes, even though she is now one herself.

Although Joan made her stage debut when she was two years old, she did no more than most girls who learn to sing and dance until the depression came and her father lost his job. Then she and her two talented elder sisters wanted to help him out, so they went into vaudeville, and their sister act was a great success.

Later, Joan went to New York with her mother, and became one of the Powers Agency's star child models. At

the Paradise Club in New York her lively dance routine and her beauty brought her to the attention of a movie talent scout, and it was soon off to Hollywood for Joan.

After playing a succession of minor roles, she was signed by Warner Bros. and given an important part in "High Sierra," in which she scored a hit. She has since played opposite Eddie Albert in "The Great Mr. Nobody," "The Wagons Roll at Night," and "Thieves Fall Out," and opposite Gary Cooper in "Sergeant York."

THERE are now over 1,500 members of the Odeon organisation serving in His Majesty's Forces. Last year, collections by the staff through the Odeon Troops' Comforts Fund totalled £4,289, as compared with £3,124 in the previous year.

Parcels of cigarettes are sent regularly to prisoners of war, and all female employees serving in the Women's Land Army who had completed twelve months' service with the company prior to call-up are now participating in the benefits of the fund.

THAT man's here again, if I may coin a phrase.

Tommy Handley forsakes his "Itma" character for a completely different type of role in his new Gainsborough picture, "Time Flies," which will shortly be seen in the West End.

He portrays an unscrupulous American company promoter who sells shares in a "Time Ball" invention to a credulous friend.

When its possibilities are being demonstrated, something goes wrong and its passengers

are projected a million miles into space from the top of a New York skyscraper. They are hurled back to earth, and find they are nearly 400 years behind the times, back in the days of Queen Elizabeth. Evelyn Dall co-stars with Tommy Handley in this novel story.

NEWS of news from Drury Lane concerns films: By means of a newly-established air transport service, Forces in all overseas areas should now be able to see News Reels within four weeks of their London release.

If that's really so, and it could be, someone has got to get his skates on. I hope it's done without disturbing the predecessor who took up to four months to go the same distance.

HERE'S another new angle from Hollywood: John Meredith went to M.G.-M. as a cameraman and became an actor. He makes his debut in "The Seventh Cross," a Spencer Tracy film.

Meredith went to Hollywood to make a series of studies of screen personalities. At M.G.-M. he was seen by an executive and persuaded to make a screen test. Now he's a film actor!

A native New Yorker and former test pilot, Meredith, who is well over six feet, plays the courageous Dutch sailor who pilots Tracy to Holland and safety.

ONE picture that should have authenticity is "Destination Tokyo," submarine thriller star-

FIVE TOUGH 'UNS ARE AWAITING YOU P.O. FRANK ELSON

FIVE sturdy young brothers are waiting at 22 St. Mary's Drive, Newcastle-under-Lyme, Staffordshire, to give a welcome home to Petty Officer Frank Elson—and, knowing these five little brothers, no one knows better than Frank himself that it will be a "warm" welcome.

What a load of mischief! Raymond, aged 14, is a working man now, helping to win the war on the factory front. John (12), Eric (8), Edward (4) and Alan (2) make up the quintet. They were all having a high time in the garden when we called. It was sister Margaret's birthday, and she was feeling quite a young lady now she has reached the romantic age of seventeen.

Big news, Frank, was that your father, who had completed three months in hospital after

a pit accident, was then making steady progress.

Mother had just come in from a shopping expedition with a basket full of all kinds of things, which included a few of father's favourites. "They are going up to the hospital later," mother said, "and something will have Frank's name on it. Nothing would please Dad more than that."

More big news from home is that Edward will be starting school in May—and it's fairly obvious that that is big news for mother, too. One more out of trouble's way for a few hours a day!

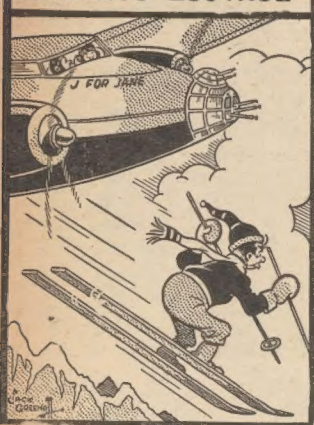
Mother's very pleased, too, because the hens are laying better than ever, and that's good for father.

All at home send their fondest love, Frank. Good Hunting!



Your letters are welcome! Write to "Good Morning" c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

USELESS EUSTACE



"And what makes you think we're over neutral territory?"

QUIZ

for today

1. A falchion is a hawk, fish, flower, sword, criminal, drinking cup?
2. Who wrote (a) Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides, (b) A Journal of the Plague Year?
3. Which of the following is an intruder, and why?—Liverpool, London, Southampton, Goole, Bristol, Birmingham, Lowestoft.
4. Who said, "Out, damned spot?"
5. Where is the longest escalator in the world?
6. In peace time, when does grouse shooting begin?
7. Which of the following are mis-spelt?—Pundit, Punchinello, Puncheon, Purlease, Purport, Perview.
8. What cities are referred to in "A Tale of Two Cities"?
9. Who set Hiawatha to music?
10. In what game are "beds" used?
11. Who was the Iron Duke?
12. Name four Cabinet Ministers whose names begin with B.

Answers to Quiz

in No. 304

1. Dance.
2. (a) R. L. Stevenson, (b) Charles Darwin.
3. Acre is square measure; others are long measure.
4. Napoleon.
5. 78 feet by 36 feet.
6. Drake.
7. Murrain, Misanthrope.
8. Go'd. frankincense, myrrh.
9. Skittles.
10. Euston, 1837.
11. November 9.
12. Addison, Ainsworth, Anstey, Arnold, etc.

Every man thinks meanly of himself for not having been a soldier, or not having been at sea.

Dr. Johnson.

There is always something rather absurd about the past.

Max Beerbohm.

JANE



Generals Become Bandits

I GOT the Porto Rican family down to the wharf at four o'clock in the afternoon. There were the old mother and two daughters, one about twenty and the other seventeen. Just then the forts and General Arache began to shell each other furiously. There was no real danger, but all except the youngest started shivering, like a dog spewing razor blades.

I got the family into a cement building, and waited for a lull in the firing. The building happened to be the fumigating house, and stank so much of sulphur that they did nothing but cough and mop the tears which streamed down their faces. At five the firing was fiercer than ever, and when it showed no signs of abating at six I decided to make a dash for it. It would be impossible to go upriver in the dark.

The old lady and her elder daughter were almost fainting, but the young one was game. I told them that there was no danger, and at last persuaded them to leave the fumigating house. The old lady walked behind me with her hands on my shoulders, and the rest of the family tailed after. It must have looked silly, but it was the only way I could make them move.

I got them into the launch and cranked up the motor, but it missed. Just at that moment a shell fell short, exploding about twenty yards higher up the wharf. Chunks of concrete flew in all directions, and the old lady and her elder daughter passed right out. The old Porto Rican himself did not look too happy. The motor jumped off at the next crank, and we cast off and headed out into the stream. There, like the two women, the motor passed clean out.

EL SEÑOR BURKY

The Exciting Life
Story of a
Roving Adventurer

PART XV

I examined the works, and found that a little make-and-break spring had snapped in two. The old gentleman began to pray very strenuously. I drew the automatic from my holster and opened it up with a screwdriver, remembering that there was a spring in it which might take the place of the one which had broken. I was in a hurry, but tiny screws refuse to be hustled, no matter what the emergency may be.

At last I got out the spring, and was pleased to find that it fitted the motor as if it had been an official spare part. Next minute we were chugging up the river. As soon as we got under the old Ozama bridge, opposite Santa Barbara, the bombardment stopped. I pulled out my flask of rum, took a good swig, and handed it to the old gentleman. He was still too agitated to take it. We landed at the San Isidro wharf at half-past eight.

It was some days before the old lady was sufficiently recovered from the shock to travel on by locomotive to Caracoa, and then by mule to Macoris.

There was no highway in those days. The younger daughter treated the whole business as a joke, telling Steele that I had stood up in the stern and hoisted my rum-flask, shouting "Viva la Republica!" She was very pretty in her Latin American fashion, and I think she was sorry to leave Isidro.

Then a Special Inspector of Customs named Haverias wanted his wife from Santo Domingo, and the pair of us went down in the launch. A passenger launch from the San Luis estate accompanied us downstream, carrying about twenty people. I had provided myself with some cushions and was dozing peacefully in the stern when we came to La Victoria, some miles above the city. Suddenly a couple of shots were fired across our bows, and the two launches drew in to the shore.

The shots came from an outpost of the Jimenez army, in charge of a sergeant, who told us to walk up the hill and see his commanding officer. I pointed to the Stars and Stripes at our bow and the Dominion flag at our stern, but the sergeant only scowled, slapped his chest, and barked, "I know nothing of flags. My banner is my officer commanding."

I protested that I was neutral, concerned only with the business of San Isidro, and that Haverias was a Customs official.

"All right, you may go," said the sergeant. "But these other birds must walk up the hill."

The passengers from the San Luis launch looked very peeved as we cranked up the motor, and one of them suddenly pointed at Haverias and shouted "That man is a friend of the rebel Arias. He is carrying information."

"Halt!" snaps the sergeant. "That bird stops! The red-haired bird goes on!"

Haverias argued, and asked to be searched. I slipped the sergeant a five-dollar bill and promised him a quart of rum on my way back. He saw the force of our reasoning and let us go. Haverias stuck out his tongue at his accuser as we got under way.

Down at Santo Domingo the two armies were at it hammer and tongs. Government and rebel guns blazed away furiously, and rifle fire rattled like pneumatic riveters in a Clyde shipyard. Haverias shouted "Stop the launch!" I shut off the engine, remarking that we stood more chance of being hit that way. A moving target would be much harder to hit.

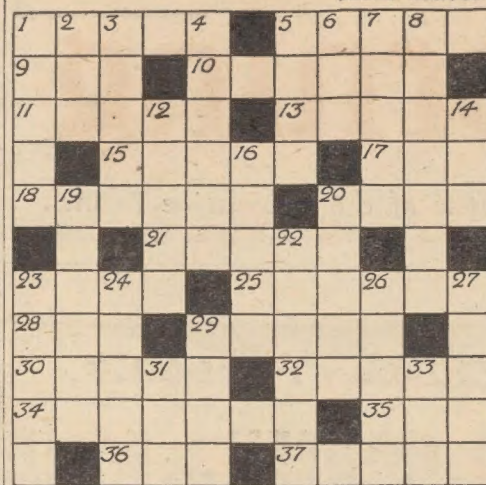
"Then why the hell don't you keep moving?" he yelled, and we went on. We tied up close to Santa Barbara, and were just walking up the street when a Colonel Pou popped out of a doorway, shouting, "Alto! Quien vive?"

I saluted, showed my correspondence, and was allowed to depart, but Haverias was clapped under escort and marched into Fort Ozama. It was not his lucky day.

Arias released him after a few hours, however, and he

CROSSWORD CORNER

CLUES ACROSS.



- 1 Note of music.
- 5 Gadsden.
- 9 Fish.
- 10 East.
- 11 Domain.
- 13 Back.
- 15 Protect.
- 17 Youngster.
- 18 G.R.'s name.
- 20 Repair.
- 21 Musical instrument.
- 23 Wooden strip.
- 25 Talk rapidly.
- 28 Tree.
- 29 Cast.
- 30 Quiet mannered.
- 32 Twilled fabric.
- 34 Confirm.
- 35 Ocean.
- 36 Member of family.
- 37 Song.

CLUES DOWN.

- 1 Brushwood.
- 2 Weeding tool.
- 3 Saw.
- 4 Hair-grease.
- 5 Tie.
- 6 Sheltered.
- 7 Fire on hearth.
- 8 Surprising.
- 12 Meal.
- 14 Casual.
- 16 Boy's name.
- 19 Cause.
- 20 Machine.
- 22 Garnished.
- 23 Loaded.
- 24 Dull sounds.
- 26 Become spiral.
- 27 Broadcast.
- 29 Sea-bird.
- 31 Murmuring sound.
- 33 Permit.

POMP JABBER
ALOES GRIDE
LIMA LOUNGE
AVERSE TEAK
TEN LAKE R
E TOURIST D
C BEND ROE
COLT ESCORT
AROUND LURE
LAPSE TOPIC
FLEETS TEST

was able to find his wife and take her back to San Isidro. We stopped on the way to give the sergeant his quart of rum and join him in a little trago. He lifted his glass and assured us that the republic would be a better place if it contained more birds like Senores Burky and Haverias. It seemed that lots of people promised him rum, but very few ever brought it.

One morning General Ramon Batista turned up at the estate, and asked Mr. Steele for food and other supplies from the company's store. Since the General had a couple of hundred soldiers with him, all hungry and impatient, the manager handed over everything they wanted.

Batista gave a promissory note to the value of the goods taken. It was halfway decent, for he could easily have taken the stuff by force. Steele was surprised and pleased by this courtesy. Batista was later killed by the American Marines.

That was a good week for generals. Next day, Generals Calcagno and Vincente Evangelista paid us a visit. They were a nasty-looking brace of cut-throats, said that they were on a special mission for the Government, and demanded horses and saddles. A man named McCarthy was in charge of the mules and horses on the estate, and when he saw that the Generals had forgotten to bring an army with them he told them to go and chase spiders.

They shouted and stamped about, threatening him with all sorts of severe punishments for delaying two Generals in the execution of their duty. Did he realize that he was insulting Dominican Generals? "Generals!" says Mac, with a grin. "General nuisances, if you ask me! Go away, both of you! You make me tired!" And he hustled them firmly away from the stables.

However, they got two horses from the chief of the state private police, who happened to be alone when they made their request, and was therefore in no position to argue. Months later those horses were found a few miles away, both in a dying condition. The saddles were never recovered, which annoyed the chief of police, for they were worth much more than the animals. Meanwhile, the two Generals had become bandits.

Just at sunset one evening I was forging upstream with a string of empty barges in tow when I met the estate launch heading for the city. On board were the manager, engineers, chemists, clerks, cultivation men, and their wives and children. They were packed like sardines, singing and laughing, as if on the way to a picnic. The manager seemed to be signalling with his hand, but the sun was dead in my eyes, and I could not make out what he wanted.

While I was securing the tug and barges to our wharf, the

little clerk told me that the staff had gone to the city to attend a dance at the Receiver-ship of Customs. This struck me as queer, because Wallace, in charge of the locomotives, Casey, the cultivation man, and a few others, were not likely to shine their brightest at such a blameless function. They were hardy citizens with other hobbies.

When I reached the estate, however, I found that the staff had been called in by a letter from the Consul. The mill was to carry on with a skeleton staff of Cubans, Porto Ricans, and other Latins, sufficiently swartthy to escape notice if the troops got out of hand and started any monkey business.

I discussed the position with Bonnette, the French acting manager, and decided to stay where I was. I spoke good Spanish and knew almost everybody, so I should be safe enough in San Isidro. Since work had come to a standstill, I could eat, sleep and laze like a peer of the realm. I would enjoy a well-earned holiday, bossing nobody and having nobody to boss me.

(To be continued)

WANGLING WORDS

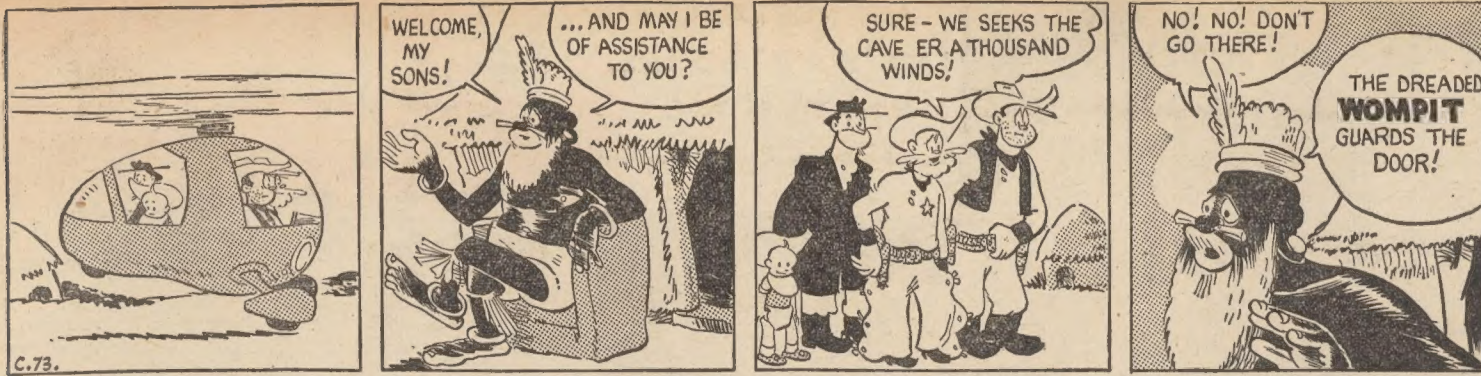
—260

1. Put a tree in FION and make MAKE.
2. Rearrange the letters of REAL BON SOUP, and make a famous singer (two names).
3. Altering one letter at a time, and making a new word with each alteration, change: NOSE into DIVE, DROP into DOWN, ASH into ELM, PEACE into TERMS.
4. How many 4-letter and 5-letter words can you make from TERMINATION?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 259

1. ORchestRA.
2. ARISTOTLE.
3. BROWN BROWS, CROWS, GROWS, TROWS, TROTS, TROTH, WROTH, WROTE, WRITE, WHITE, BUNK, BANK, BANE, PANE, PANT, PENT, PEAT, SEAT, SLAT, SLAY, SWAY, AWAY, AIRS, AIDS, LIDS, LIPS, PIPS, PIPE, PINE, DINE, DUNE, TUNE, SMITH, SMITE, SMILE, STILE, STOLE, STORE, STARE, STARS, SEARS, BEARS, BEADS, BENDS, BONDS, BONES, JONES.
4. Team, Mate, Tame, Rate, Tear, Tare, Mare, Ream, Mere, Reel, Pear, Pare, Pate, Tape, Peat, Late, Taie, Male, Lame, Mea, Pert, Trap, Part, Mart, Tram, Mean, Name, etc. Preen, Tempt, Alter, Altar, Pearl, Later, Meant, Plate, Metai, Petal, Prate, Taper, Tamer, Leapt, Pleat, etc.

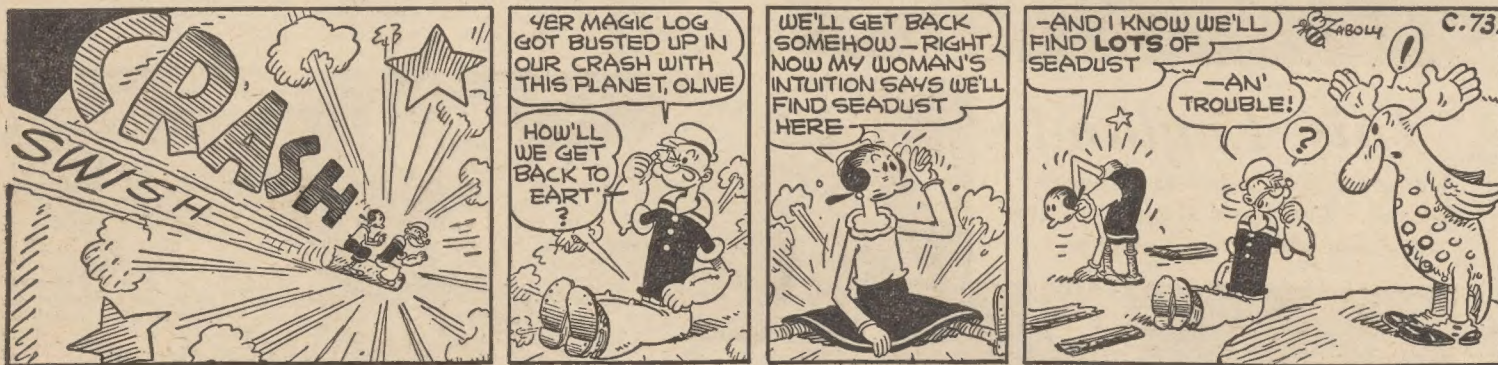
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



The Story of Synthetic Rubber

By T. S. DOUGLAS

MR. BRADLEY DEWEY, U.S. Rubber Director, stated that by spring of this year U.S. synthetic rubber plants would turn out "artificial" rubber as fast as the nation used crude rubber in previous years.

Recently, the Minister of Production in Britain granted the first licence for the large-scale manufacture of synthetic rubber in Great Britain.

Motorists and the Services are already using synthetic rubber tyres.

These facts indicate that the United Nations have won perhaps the greatest industrial battle of the war.

When in ten weeks the Japanese swept through Malay and the East Indies they took away from the Allies the source of nine-tenths of their rubber. Modern war depends upon rubber as much as upon petrol, iron and explosive. But for the ingenuity of Allied chemists and the astonishing industrial potential of the U.S.A., this blow might have been fatal.

But the U.S. voted something like £150,000,000 for building the extremely complex plants needed to produce synthetic rubber, and this, with careful salvage and the gathering of natural rubber from Africa and South America, will see us through.

The U.S. last year is estimated to have produced well over 200,000 tons of synthetic rubber. The plants in full production will make 800,000 or even one million tons of rubber. All this rubber the U.S. formerly obtained from natural sources.

What will happen after the war when the plantations are again in production?

NATURE IS CHEAPER.

In fact, there may not be the surplus that could appear at first sight, for the new world of mass-produced cars and innumerable aircraft will require immense amounts of rubber. At present synthetic rubber, according to reports, is costing 20 to 25 per cent. more to produce than natural rubber cost in 1941.

In war that does not matter, for rubber must be obtained whatever the cost.

In peace-time cost will be an important factor. Synthetic rubber manufacturers believe that improved technique and huge-scale production can bring down the cost.

What may well happen is that natural rubber will be used for the purposes where it is still better than any synthetic product, and that synthetic rubbers will be used for purposes where they are superior.

For some things a mixture seems best. Tyres, for instance, contain from 5 to 30 per cent. natural rubber, according to size.

Synthetic rubber, or more correctly rubbers, or there are many distinct substances, are quite different chemically from the natural product. Their resemblance is purely physical—chemically they have no more in common than real silk with rayon.

The chemistry of synthetic rubbers is exceedingly complex, but, roughly speaking, they are compounds made up of very large molecules produced from comparatively small ones by chemical "condensation" or polymerization.

There are four chief groups—the butyls, thiokols, ethenoids and the butadienes.

It is the last type that is being manufactured in Britain, and the raw material may be petrol, from coal or wells, agricultural products containing starch, sugar, natural gas and acetylene. Probably petrol from coal will be most used in Britain.

The U.S.A., with its immense supplies of natural gas, petroleum, agricultural alcohol, and other raw materials, has a wider choice. The motorist of the future may drive a car with tyres made from the natural gas from the well that supplied the petrol in his engine!

FOR PERFECT PLUMBING.

The raw rubber produced could probably be distinguished from the natural product only by an expert, and it has to be processed in the same way.

Its characteristics vary. Some of the synthetic rubbers are immensely superior to the natural product in resistance to corrosion by oils, fats and chemicals, and can be used for pipes in a way that natural rubber could not.

A pipe of synthetic rubber with a steel wire embedded in it has been found virtually unburstable, and may be used for plumbing.

For use in tyres, the natural product seems to have the advantage at the moment, although it is worth noting that the German army has travelled all over Europe on Buna tyres.

The U.S.A. experts have made great improvements in Buna, and it was recently reported that a bus with Buna-S tyres completed 37,000 miles without their being worn through.

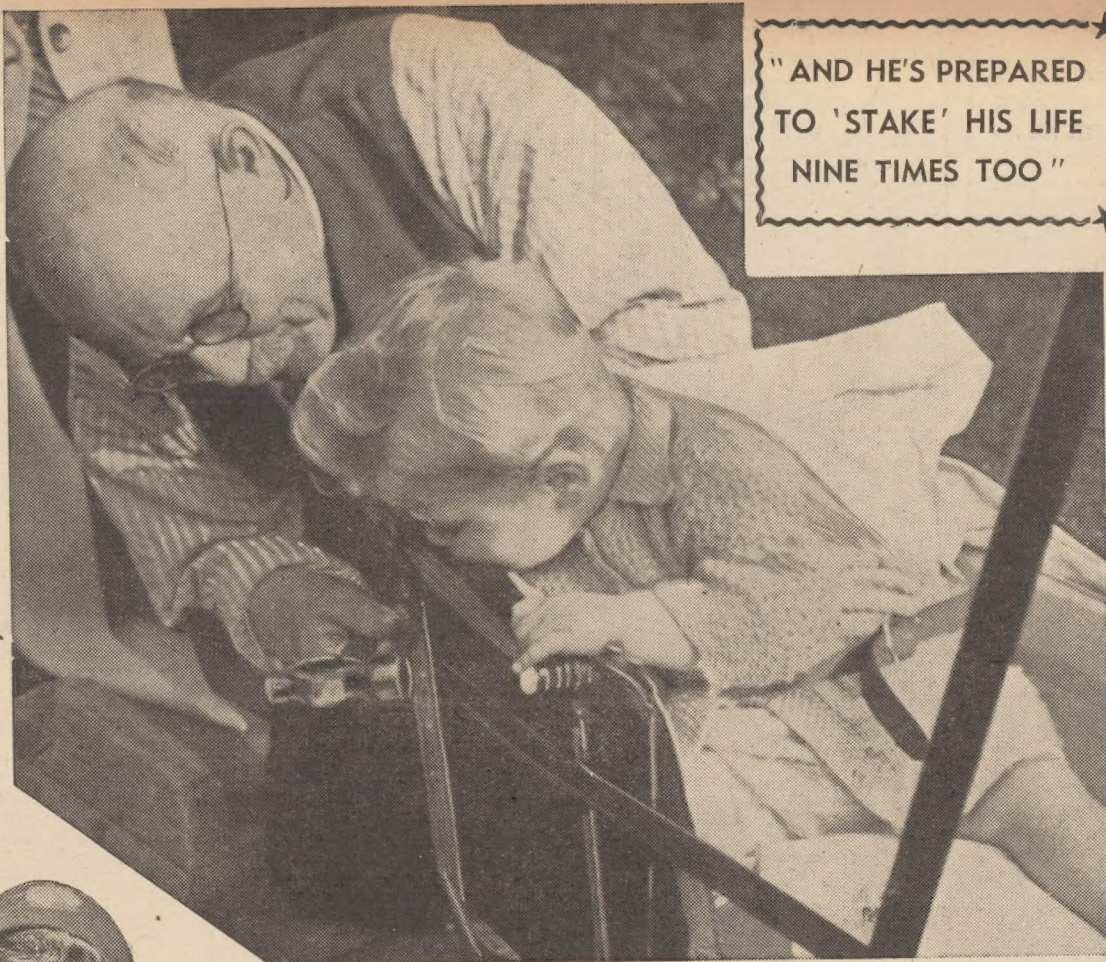
The butyl rubbers do not make tyres, but resist corrosion, even by mustard gas, and hence can be used for gas masks. The resistance to great heat and cold of some of the synthetic rubbers means they are superior for certain purposes in aircraft, especially those operating at great heights or in the tropics.

The manufacturer of the future will probably be able to specify exactly what properties he requires from a rubber and know that the synthetic chemists will be able to supply it.

Good Morning

RUNNING REPAIRS

After 62 years at the smithy, seventy-six-year-old W. R. King now services prams in Great Clacton, Essex, as a labour of love.



"AND HE'S PREPARED TO 'STAKE' HIS LIFE NINE TIMES TOO"

"TURN IT UP, YOUNG LADY, TURN IT UP"



This England

A picturesque scene at Pangdean, Sussex. The Land Girl takes the sheep along for shearing.



"House-moving, and we don't mean maybe"



OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"What a 'moving' sight."

